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Victory of the Cross

or

An Account of My Trip in China

Tetsuji Tsuchiyama

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MY TRIP IN CHINA

By
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Dr. Tetsuji Tsuchiyama

VICTORY OF THE CROSS

I

The Preparation

EVER since the war broke out I have been much grieved and my sympathy has been aroused for the Chinese, and especially the Christians, particularly when we learned that Kaifeng, where some of our mission stations are located, had become the battle zone. I had been praying and watching for an opportunity to do something for the Chinese churches. Some time ago Miss Mylander spoke in a meeting of the Administration Board of the church here, appealing for a work among the Japanese in Tientsin. However, all the members of the board felt they could not now take this up seriously, because they had just sent Brother Oyama to America and were themselves short of workers. Miss Mylander was very much disappointed, and the expression registered on her face stayed in my mind, causing me to pray much.

I wanted to know more about China, so Mr. Miyoshi was asked to give some firsthand information on prayer meeting night. Mr. Miyoshi is an earnest young Christian from Miss Mylander's English Bible class. His company had sent him to China to investigate conditions, as they planned to establish a celluloid factory in Tientsin. Later he was sent to Tientsin to stay, but it was his desire to leave this church, not as a business man but as a missionary. He had caught the missionary vision, as he had seen so many children who were not hearing the gospel, and the latest report is that he has started a Sunday school in a village where there was no gospel witness.

As this young man gave his information that night at

prayer meeting the burden became heavier on my heart for the Chinese and the Japanese in China. Just at that time some missionary friends of Miss Hart's stopped to visit our campus as they came through Japan on their way back for a second term of service in Tientsin. They were Mr. and Mrs. Trachsel and little Helen Marie, of the National Holiness Association Mission. Mr. Trachsel's voice had given out during their farewell meetings in the homeland, so he could speak but little. However, Mrs. Trachsel preached in the morning here in Abeno church, which brought great blessing to the members of the congregation. Fair-haired little Helen Marie quite won the hearts of the Japanese.

That evening Mrs. Trachsel preached at the Nippon Bashi church. In her greeting she spoke of the Japanese concession in Tientsin without any gospel messenger, and of how the Chinese Christians, and especially one young woman, were praying so much for the Japanese there. She asked, "Can it be that our Chinese Christians are praying more for your own countrymen than you are?" Cut to the heart, I was ashamed as I interpreted this question for the listeners. I felt sorry that we had not been praying enough. At the same time, a great burden for the Japanese in China, and also for the Chinese, came upon my heart. It was there that I definitely caught the vision and heard the Macedonian call, and God put upon my heart a strong desire to visit China, and especially to visit the Christians who were undergoing such fiery trials.

Shortly after this, at a business session of the Administration Board, when I spoke of my burden, *every* member with one accord joined in encouraging me to go. This I decided to do, although I did not know how the expenses of such a trip would be met.

It is wonderful how God supplied means for the China trip. On my mind was impressed the thought of how St. Paul gathered an offering from the Macedonian churches and carried it to those in Jerusalem who were suffering. Those Macedonian churches, in spite of their poverty and

trials, were happy to give, and it proved to be a great encouragement to them. So I thought, in like manner as the Christians in Japan give toward the relief of the suffering Christians in China it will be a great blessing for their own hearts as well as for the Chinese. More than this, the thought came of how the Lord Jesus would rejoice that while these two nations were fighting His followers were loving and helping each other. The text in Matthew 25:40 was brought to mind again, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Thus I was ready to go and, though I did not know what dangers might await me, of great encouragement were the words of St. Paul, "I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem." I was determined to fulfill my duty in spite of dangers; to please Christ, and do all for His glory; to comfort the Chinese Christians, and to investigate conditions there. I was bound to go, and if it were possible—and I was hoping God might open the way—I wanted to start a Japanese work in Tientsin, co-operating with the missionaries and Christians.

II

On the Way

SENT off by many believers, I left Osaka on October 30. The next day, after visiting at my old home for about two hours, I took the steamer at Shimonoseki at 10:30, reaching Fusan at 6 p. m. There I was surprised to see two Korean preachers waiting for me. One was a former Princeton schoolmate, but the other I had not met before. One of our Korean students had written them, and we had two or three hours together of very good fellowship in Christ.

I left Fusan by train at 8 p. m. Along the railroad here and there one could see the Korean houses with their thatched roofs. As it was November, from many of the houses smoke was rising from the room containing the "hot floor." I saw Koreans working in the fields, dressed in their white garments. Also beside the streams were women, pounding their washing. Such glimpses gave some idea of Korean life.

I arrived at Keijo at about four o'clock. There Japanese friends and believers, and also the principal and professors of the O. M. S. Bible Training School, were waiting. They gave me a warm reception, for which I was very thankful. During the three days in Keijo five meetings were held in the Japanese Holiness Church. They were particularly happy for this encouragement, for the pastor of the church was away, serving in the army. I was especially encouraged to see the wife bravely watching in the absence of her husband, taking his place. She was very busy with her four little children and the work of God. When I saw this faithful, enthusiastic, responsible service I couldn't help being moved

to tears. Here all were blessed, and there was a gracious time with seekers at the altar.

During this time in Keijo one of the most interesting things I experienced was an invitation by the teachers of the school to a famous restaurant for a Korean feast. This was eaten as we sat on the hot floor and was a new experience to me. We had very blessed fellowship there with the Korean preachers and one missionary.

One night the meeting was held in the school chapel. Because of other special meetings being held at the same time it was said that the crowd would not be so large, but there were four hundred present. One of the professors, Mr. Boku, who interpreted, had studied a term or so in our school. The meeting was free and the Koreans accepted the message with simple faith. After the preaching many made requests for prayer. When they prayed how they were melted as they were touched by the Holy Spirit! It was a beautiful scene. There was only one meeting, but I could see how the Korean people were blessed spiritually. Praise poured out from the bottom of the hearts of these who were blessed, so that I was encouraged myself. I felt that the churches in Japan should be more blessed and should increase their attendance.

One day was spent in seeing the city. Then, leaving Keijo on the afternoon of the 4th, I reached Mukden the next morning, where I stayed two days. There, also, I was entertained at a big feast in a Manchurian restaurant. I was surprised at how the city of Mukden, which was a battlefield during the Russo-Japanese war, had been developed. Conditions had changed, and there was great improvement since the time of the war. There was one very large charity hospital which was particularly interesting. Meetings were held the evening of the 5th, and morning, afternoon, and evening of the 6th in the Japanese Holiness Church. During the Sunday afternoon meeting missionary zeal for the Manchurians and Chinese was aroused, and an offering was made for the Chinese for this visit.

The next day I left Mukden at 7:15 a. m. in company with Rev. Mr. Shimizu, the district elder of the Holiness Church. From the train we saw and were thrilled by something we cannot see in Japan because the country is so small. This special scene was that of the sun rising above the horizon beyond a very large field. Mr. Shimizu and I had such good association together that we almost forgot about the time. We arrived at Shinkyo, the new capital, at about noon. Two meetings were held among the Japanese people on the nights of the 7th and 8th. These people were much blessed, several making new decisions. A collection was taken for China.

There I was entertained by Mr. Hada, who had been a friend in America, having studied in Pasadena. Also he had taught in our school. While I stayed in their home we could not help recalling the past in America and Japan. He was the principal of a young people's school, with about 2,000 young people under his influence. His is a very heavy responsibility to educate and train these young men and women to build up the future of Manchuria. I had an opportunity to speak in that school.

On the 9th, leaving Shinkyo at seven, I was guided to Harbin by Mr. Okada. At one time he attended our school as an audient student. He has been in Manchuria about thirty years, and is blessed, serving the Lord with burning zeal.

In Harbin all was covered by snow, and I could taste the coldness of Manchuria for the first time. Many Russians used to live there, but now there are many Japanese, though there are a considerable number of Russians who have escaped from the persecution of communists in Russia to keep the freedom of their faith. That night a prayer meeting was held in the Japanese church. I was impressed by the struggle to open a pioneer place. The worker was bravely going ahead. There, now, the spreading of the gospel is awaited.

III

China at Last

THE night of the 9th, at 11 p. m., I left Harbin for Tientsin, reaching there at about 8 a. m. on the 11th. This was the time for which I had longed and to which I had eagerly looked forward. There Mr. Miyoshi, Mr. Trachsel and others were waiting at the station, and I was so happy to see them. I stayed a half day in Tientsin and then went on to Peking. There I was welcomed by several Japanese friends. I went to the Chinese Language School to stay four days. This was a good opportunity to contact missionaries from Europe and America.

Sunday and Monday I preached in the Japanese Holiness Church and in the Congregational Church. Then I visited the Su Tei School, which has been conducted by Rev. Mr. Shimizu, a Japanese, for Chinese students for twenty years. This work is very prosperous. All the boys and girls are intimate with Mr. and Mrs. Shimizu, calling them father and mother. I had the opportunity to speak in this school. In this city a friend took me around to see the different historic points. I was impressed by the bigness of the magnificent structures.

On the 14th I visited the Bible Training School of the Oriental Missionary Society of Peking. There I met a missionary who gave me a warm personal welcome. In this school are forty or fifty students. I asked him, "Will you give me a chance to speak to your students?"

The missionary hesitated, answering neither yes or no. Again I said, "Please give me an opportunity," but still he hesitated, so I continued, saying, "To establish peace in the

Orient is the mission of the Christians. I came from Japan to get an understanding with the Chinese workers and to do something for peace between Japanese and Chinese. Unless we Christians become one who can solve this problem and settle this trouble in the Orient?"

Then the missionary very reluctantly said, "Well, then, come tomorrow and you may have an hour to speak."

As I faced the student body the next day the very atmosphere was against me and the faces of the students gave me no welcome. However, as I spoke gradually their attitude changed, and great victory came.

That afternoon I visited the American school in Chengte, and met the president. At first he also spoke of all the bad things about Japan, but as I spoke of my purpose in coming he finally began to cry, and he and his wife completely changed their attitude.

IV

At the National Holiness Association Seminary

ON the 16th, leaving Peking, I went back to Tientsin. I preached twice that day in the Japanese church. When I had first come to Tientsin I had gone to visit the N. H. A. Mission and Bible School. Here I had tried to obtain permission to speak, but Mr. Troxel was not present, and they were in the midst of a school revival meeting, so they put me off. On my return from Peking I once again went to the missionaries, asking, "Is there any plan for a meeting"

"No," they replied, "we did not know your plans so we could not make any."

"Will you give me some chance to talk to your students?" I asked.

The missionaries answered, "We have plans made for a revival meeting in the school for a whole week."

"Well, I have come at just the right time. You should let me speak at one meeting," I said.

"But we have a special evangelist for this occasion. We are afraid it will interrupt this meeting if you preach. Anyway, how long will you stay?" they asked.

To which I replied, "I am going to leave the day after tomorrow, Saturday morning."

"Well, our special meetings will be continued through Sunday. If you stay until Monday we will give you the opportunity to speak that morning."

Then I said quickly, "If you would give me the time on

Monday will you change the hour and let me have the opportunity to speak tomorrow, Friday morning?"

But the missionaries replied, "The schedule is already made for tomorrow morning. We are sorry that we cannot give you that hour."

So I had to go back to the Japanese home very much disappointed, but that evening one of the missionaries came to visit me. He said, "Will you come to eat breakfast with us tomorrow morning at seven o'clock? Then from eight o'clock you may have one hour to speak in our chapel service."

When I heard this I was happy beyond description, because it had been my prayer to have contact with the Chinese students in this school. This missionary also handed me a letter from Brother Troxel which he had written to me and which said, "Hearing that you have come to China I am very happy. I am sorry I am now inland for preaching and cannot return until next January, but I am sure that the other missionaries will be glad to introduce you to the Chinese students." I am sure that this made the missionaries have a better understanding so that they gave me the opportunity to speak. If this letter had not come that night I might have lost the opportunity to contact these students, but it came at just the right time. I am sure this was God's answer to the prayers for Tientsin.

The missionaries themselves received me with warm hearts, but they hesitated to let me speak before the Chinese students because they were anxious as to what the results might be. The wisdom of letting me speak was questioned because in the audience were those who had suffered grievously because of this war. The missionaries gave dinners and a warm reception always, but due to the situation they hesitated to have me address a Chinese group, at which, of course, one could not wonder. This was true everywhere, all through the country.

The time came for me to speak. I had no freedom as I began, but as I continued the atmosphere changed entirely.

The missionaries were very happy and all their anxiety was gone. In the message the love of Christ, manifested on the cross, was emphasized. Also I told them how the Japanese people were praying for the suffering Chinese people, and how I came to China, carrying a present offered by the Japanese Christians, who had been constrained to do this by the love of God. Then the Chinese students were touched and their hearts began to melt. Mr. Moe, a man blessed of God and a skillful master of the Chinese language, interpreted with such a tender spirit. He has said concerning this service, "I was conscious of the Lord's help while interpreting. Again and again the congregation broke out weeping as mention was made of the war. Never in all my thirty-four years in China have I seen a Chinese congregation weep as much as they did."

The meeting lasted for two hours. After the message was finished we went to prayer, and the whole student body broke out with loud sobbing and crying. Following this, with tears, the students came one after another to give me a warm handclasp, saying, "Let us labor together for Christ."

Mr. Moe, in the *Call to Prayer* for March, 1939, says, "One of the results of this meeting was the deliverance from an unforgiving spirit of a young man who had again and again been forward to get sanctified but never seemed to obtain the experience. In the testimony meeting he said, 'While listening to the testimony of Mr. Tsuchiyama I came to see I was harboring something in my heart, an unforgiving spirit, which hindered me in obtaining the blessing my heart was longing for. But I have now come to realize that God loves the Japanese as well as the Chinese, and as Christians we should love one another.' . . . Mr. Tsuchiyama's message in testimony was made a blessing to many. He was indeed a messenger of the Lord."

Following the service the students came with eager invitations, "Please come to see our school." As they opened their rooms they welcomed me with, "Please come in," and,

"Sit here." Even the girls' dormitory was freely opened to receive me.

The cook had been so blessed during the meeting that I was invited to see the kitchen. He said, "Now please come to the kitchen. We welcome you here." Then he showed me all the places for dishes, vegetables, etc. He had some manto—Chinese hot bread. He said, "This is just made. Please eat." Thus he entertained me.

Everywhere now there was peace and joy, and altogether it was a time of great fellowship. One remarked afterwards that she had never witnessed such a scene. It was Ephesians 2: 14, 15 demonstrated. Truly the gospel and the Cross broke up the enmity and made us all one. What seemed to be such difficulties, even to the missionaries, were overcome by the Cross.

After returning to Japan I met a missionary who had given his life for these two nations, having labored for many years in both China and Japan. He evidenced great surprise that it was possible at all for even the Christians of these two nations to melt together. Outside of the love of God it would not have been, but the Cross accomplished the impossible.

When I first went to Tientsin I was surprised to find that a Japanese home was waiting to receive me. They had heard of and were anticipating my visit. I thought of the words, "Jehovah Jireh"—God prepares—for here was a home already prepared for me. This couple, Mr. and Mrs. Shida, were very blessed Christians who owned a clothing store in which all of the employees were Christians, with whom they had family worship every morning. There was an unusual atmosphere in the store, as customers were attended so kindly and cheerfully. Their little daughter had died a beautiful death when she was only three years old. It was as a result of this that they had become so earnest. Theirs was a living testimony in their business life. Even Japanese soldiers came to seek Christianity through their contact with this store. Every month, when they advertised in the newspaper, they chose some Bible text to accompany the advertisement.

These blessed people entertained me both spiritually and materially. For the fast approaching winter they provided me with a good outfit, including fur lining for my overcoat.

In their home we had meetings to which the Japanese neighbors were invited. Every day of my stay there was a meeting. We had a wonderfully blessed time. There were also two meetings in the Japanese Presbyterian Church—one for Japanese women and one evangelistic service. Hungry souls were fed by the Bread of Life. These people were so hungry for the true gospel.

V

Headed for Kaifeng

FROM Tientsin Mr. Nishimura and I went together. He graduated from our seminary about ten or fifteen years ago. Since then he has been a lecturer in our school. He is now pastor in the church of the Omi Brotherhood and is a very sincere, refined preacher.

We left on the 19th, reaching Tsinan at about eleven o'clock. Here we were welcomed by the Japanese pastor. We were taken to a Japanese believer's home to be entertained for two nights. On Sunday, the 20th, there were services both morning and evening in the Japanese church. During the morning worship the pastor was very much blessed by the message. He said, "My living is supported by the morning offering, but I want to give this to you to take to the Chinese brethren. Now this week I do not know how I can live, but I will go forward, looking unto God." He gave the whole offering for the Chinese. Such Japanese Christians in China have this kindly attitude toward the Chinese.

During the afternoon we visited Tsiro University. Here we looked up an American missionary who had stopped at Omi for about a week on her way to China and so knew Mr. Nishimura. When we entered the compound we found a Chinese boy to whom we gave our name cards. As we waited outside the missionary came out. She knew Mr. Nishimura, of course, and as she herself had been entertained at Omi she hesitated to let us leave without an invitation to her home, but at the same time she hesitated to take us in. After a few minutes, because she felt it so difficult to

let us go that way, she finally said, "Please come in just for a minute."

Well, we were wanting contact with as many missionaries as possible, so without any hesitation on *our* part we went in to deliver our message, but as soon as we were inside we could fully understand *her* hesitation. There at the table as her guests were four Chinese professors of the university and a Y. M. C. A. secretary. They had almost finished their meal. They were very much surprised when we suddenly entered the room, and their enjoyment seemed to vanish at the moment of our appearance. We felt very sorry that we had interfered, and yet we thought that this was a very good opportunity. It is said that, since the trouble, no Japanese had been allowed to visit this university, and that even Dr. Kagawa would not have been welcomed had he come. Such was the strong anti-Japanese atmosphere, and it was no wonder that the missionary hesitated to let us in.

Here, meeting these Chinese professors, we emphasized the love of Christ manifested on the Cross, and told them of the prayers of the Japanese Christians, who were offering their love to the Chinese Christians. We said, "We are praying for the peace of the Orient. It is for that purpose that we have come to visit your country."

They were very much moved and said, "We, also, are hoping for peace." Then their attitude changed, and we had good Christian fellowship.

"Let us pray," I said. As I offered prayer their hearts melted and their eyes filled with tears. When we left them we felt just like real friends. Here among the intellectual class of Chinese enmity and ill feelings were destroyed through the love of God and we gloried in the "Victory of the Cross."

The next day, November 21, at 8:10, we went from Tsinan. At noon we left the train at Kyokufu station to visit the famous Confucius temple, but we were surprised to find ourselves the only Japanese, surrounded by many Chinese. We could not understand them, and they could not under-

stand us. Going to the station we met Japanese soldiers, of whom we asked the way to go to the city. They were very much surprised, saying, "Kyokufu City is about five miles away, and to go from here is very dangerous. It is easy to go from the next station, but as there is only one train a day, and that has already gone, you must stay here tonight." Then they asked, "From where did you come?"

"From Japan," was our answer.

How happy they were as they said, "You are the only ones to get off here who have come from the homeland. Please stay with us tonight. We want to hear about the homeland."

They were so kind, cleaning a room and doing their best to show warm hospitality by hurrying to make tea in their black teapot, serving it from their broken cups. Though they were longing for word from home we could not stay, so we said, "We must leave."

Again they told us, "But there is only one train a day."

We persisted, however, asking, "Is there no way for us to go?"

Then the soldiers said, "If you are bound to go we will provide some way. We will give you some Chinese guards." So they asked five Chinese guards, carrying guns, to protect us. These men walked, while Mr. Nishimura and I went in jinrickshas. As we went toward the village on the country road, with only a few scattered houses along the way, we could hear in the distance, from first one direction and then another, the sound of guns.

The journey was made in safety, and we reached the city gate about evening. That night we visited the army headquarters, where they urged us to stay. They were surprised when they learned from where we had come, because it was so dangerous. They entertained us well, giving us a good dinner. I thought this was a good opportunity, so I gave my testimony for Christ to these military officers. When they offered us drink of course we said we could not accept, but we could eat. They were impressed by our testimonies. That

night we stayed in the army camp. We had a hard bed, with but one quilt, so there was not much sleep.

The next morning the officers asked us to speak to the soldiers, who gathered at eight o'clock. This was a good opportunity to preach the gospel, and as they listened they were impressed and moved. Recently we received a letter from one of the officers, expressing appreciation for the way our visit and message touched the hearts of the soldiers.

That morning we visited the magnificent historical temple which marks the birthplace of Confucius. We wanted to visit the tomb, also, which was two or three miles from the city. It was very dangerous, but we were well guarded by soldiers—one on horseback and eight on foot. It embarrassed us to ride while they walked, but the soldiers said, "It is our business." We were impressed because they treated us—Christian ministers—so kindly, giving us good protection, after hearing our message.

As we drew near Confucius' tomb we found that the market was open because it was a festival day, and many villagers had gathered. We enjoyed this, but it was very dangerous because of the many Chinese. Then the officer ordered all the soldiers to put bullets in their guns to be ready to protect us. If anyone had fired they would have fired at us first because we were in jinrickshas. It was interesting but very dangerous.

Confucius was one of the greatest sages of the Orient. All Orientals respect him. Especially when I was about sixteen years old my ambition was to become a moral teacher in the future, so Confucius became my object of respect and admiration. I expected to become a follower of Confucianism. Therefore, when I was in Middle School, I was one of three specially chosen to listen once a week to a lecture by the principal of the school on Confucius. I was preparing to become a teacher of his ideals. Consequently, when I visited his tomb, I began to think of my youth, and many thoughts crowded into my mind. Of course even at the present time I respect him as a wise man and a great teacher. Before his

tomb I began to think of my trip to Palestine, taken about ten years ago. At that time I visited the tomb of Christ. *His* tomb is an *empty* tomb. There is no dead Christ in it. There, in Confucius' tomb, his body has been buried for thousands of years. Confucius' teachings are left, of course, but he is dead. Not only Christ's teachings are left but *He* is living. The one who can save China is not the dead Confucius but the living Christ.

From there we went to Yenchau to stay two nights. A military officer went with us, introducing us at military headquarters. We were provided for at a hotel and treated as higher rank officers. We were introduced to every department.

While at this place we visited an English missionary of the Episcopal Church. He pleased me very much, giving us a cordial welcome and inviting us to breakfast the next morning. To this meal the Chinese principal of the school and the Chinese doctor of the hospital were also invited, and with these we had very blessed fellowship and good understanding. I was asked to preach to the school and the believers. We had a wonderful time. The children enjoyed listening to Japanese singing by Mr. Nishimura. The refugees were comforted by our visit.

While there we visited the German Catholic Church, where we were welcomed also. Then we went to visit some of the Chinese pastors in their homes, with whom we had good fellowship. One Presbyterian minister was so happy that he insisted on our staying for supper. This we couldn't do, however, as we had others to see. We visited some preachers of the Methodist Church, and one in particular will always be remembered. His was a very poor home, and he himself was sick in bed. We were allowed to go into his room, which was very poor and uncomfortable. He was lying on his bed. He could speak English, as he was a graduate of the University of Peking, so we had a good visit. Telling him the purpose of our coming, we expressed full sympathy, encouraging and comforting him. Then, laying

my hands on his head, I prayed for his consolation and healing. He was touched. Grasping my hand, he got up from his bed and, with tears streaming down his face, he shouted, "Hallelujah, Amen!" I shall never forget his appearance. Even now I can see his face and feel his warm handclasp. The wife and father came out and, with tears, expressed their appreciation of our visit, and although we could not understand their language we could understand their spirit. Again we saw the "Victory of the Cross," even among strangers. We were so happy to see the glory manifested in this poor minister's home, realizing that such fellowship at our first meeting could not have been without the love of God.

On the 25th we visited an American Presbyterian missionary. He told us that he was the only missionary to stay in the city during the battle to protect and look after the refugees. It was a horrible scene, with airplanes flying above and bombs being thrown, and he had bravely stayed in the compound to look after the patients in the hospital and the Christian believers and refugees. When we first met him he was very antagonistic. The church building had been destroyed, and believers had been killed. He did not want to talk, but asked, "Why did you come?"

Much prayer was needed to approach him. We expressed our sympathy and gave the aim of our visit, telling him of the prayers and sacrifices of Japanese believers for the suffering Christians in China, saying our aim was not to destroy but to build up real peace. While we were talking from our hearts his heart was opened. He called the Chinese minister and we all had good fellowship together. We shared with them the money which we were carrying to Kaifeng, because we felt sympathy with them in spite of our different denominations. This also touched his heart. Having been invited to stay for a meal we were entertained at a big dinner. At the table we had splendid fellowship. Even here the missionary and his wife were moved to tears. Again, enmity had been taken away by the Cross.

VI

Kaifeng, the Goal of the Trip

FROM Hsuchow I sent a telegram to Mr. Taylor, "Reach Kaifeng tomorrow. Tsuchiyama." No other message was sent. Leaving Hsuchow the next morning we traveled that day by train, going west along the south side of the Yellow river. Along that railroad, here and there, battles were fought, and the Chrinese army had retreated along that road. In stations, here and there, monuments or markers to dead Japanese soldiers had been erected.

That evening we reached Kaifeng. We were so anxious to meet the missionaries at the station but, though we looked and looked, we couldn't see them, which was a great disappointment, and we wondered if the telegram had not reached them. By jinricksha we went into the city to hunt for a Japanese hotel. Of course we could not understand or make ourselves understood. The jinricksha men carried us round and round, but we didn't know where they were taking us. Up and down the dark, gloomy streets we went. It looked dangerous. As we couldn't find a suitable Japanese hotel we finally went to a Chinese one, but we were uneasy, for we didn't know what might happen.

The next morning, Sunday, November 27, we visited a Baptist church, where the missionary kindly directed us to the Free Methodist church. We went with great anticipation, but were disappointed again, because no missionaries were to be found there either. Before the war the east gate was open, so the missionaries could go and come more easily

on Sunday, but since the war this gate had been closed, so it was difficult to get to the church in the city. No one could understand English. They could not understand Japanese, and we could not understand Chinese. Finally, however, by writing the Chinese characters we were directed to the mission compound, which was outside the gate about a half-hour ride by jinricksha. The men took us round a longer distance by the other gate. The road was small, very bad and dusty, and it seemed horrible and very dangerous, and as though it would be a good place for robbers. When we reached the mission compound it was with joy unspeakable, because prayer had been answered and we had arrived safely. Also we were happy because for so long a time we had been anticipating the visit to this place, and it seemed like home.

When we knocked at the door of the Taylor home we were welcomed with real American cordiality by Mrs. Taylor. In her energetic way, showing surprise and delight, she said, "My, my, my! Your telegram came and we went to the station to meet you last night, but as the time had been changed so that your train had arrived earlier all the passengers had gone and we missed you."

I asked, "Then my telegram did reach you?"

"Yes," she answered. "But we did not know why you came. We guessed you came as a soldier who had been called to the army. Otherwise we could not understand why you had come."

When we expressed our purpose she and the other missionaries were very much moved, saying, "My, you have come so far from Japan in such a time of trouble," and they were so happy.

This was Sunday morning, just before the hour for worship. I was anxious to preach to the Chinese congregation, having longed for this during the entire trip. The thought went through my mind that this was my only Sunday morning in Kaifeng, but Mrs. Taylor said, "We want to ask you to speak at the morning service, but in the morning even non-Christians gather, coming here from neighboring vil-

lages. As you know, outside the gate there is no Japanese army and no Chinese policemen so we have no protection and it is very dangerous. We don't know what kind of men will be in the congregation, so please do not speak this morning. At night the meeting is for believers only, and we want you to preach then. Please do not misunderstand." Through my experience at Peking I had been made wise and could understand better all the later similar situations, so I sat quietly in the back of the church that morning, listening to a message I could not understand, and waited for the night service to speak to my Chinese brethren.

The hour came. I had been thinking that at the night service only a small group would be present, but I was surprised when I entered the church to find the building packed with a larger audience than there had been in the morning. I wondered if they had gathered here, knowing that a Japanese had come. In the center was one dim light, and the faces of those on the back seat could scarcely be seen. All of us wondered if it wouldn't be more dangerous than it had been in the morning, but I began to remember the words in Acts 20, where Paul said that he did not count his life dear unto himself. Also the text given me before I left home—"Bound to go"—came again to my heart. In coming to Kaifeng I was discharging my duty, and even though I might be shot I would be happy. Thus the boldness of the Holy Spirit was given to me. Being encouraged in this way I stood upon the platform, trusting the Lord. Truly this was for me a "risking my life" meeting.

As Mr. Taylor had gone to meet his children, who were coming home for the winter vacation, and some missionaries who were returning from America, Mrs. Taylor introduced me and Miss Wood interpreted.

While I was delivering the message hearts were moved here and there and tears were shed. A glorious melting time came during the prayer. At the end of the service Mrs. Taylor announced that the meeting was over. No one moved. Again she told them that was all, but still no one moved.

Then the Chinese Christians stood up and one by one, with tears, they thanked us for coming. Following this they devoted some time to singing. We also sang in Japanese. There was such mutual fellowship that it was almost a second meeting.

Again they were dismissed, but a third time no one stirred, so Mrs. Taylor told them to do as they pleased. Then they moved forward, and one after another they came to shake hands with us, tearfully and with warm love. Such fellowship cannot be gained without the love of God, and again the Cross had torn down the barrier of enmity and brought reconciliation.

Six hundred yen were given here as a present from the Japanese brethren for the encouragement of the Free Methodists in China to use for evangelism and refugee work. This was done before the meeting, but we were cautioned not to tell the congregation, for if it were known that they had so much money they could not tell what might happen. Also, since it was all in one-hundred-yen bills, we were asked to have it changed at the army headquarters in the city, as such bills were too large to use in that community. This shows something of the condition there.

At this time I began to recollect how, six years ago, on December 2, 1932, when the Missionary Board met extreme financial difficulty, we held a special conference in Japan. It was an unusual time, and for a few days there was discussion after discussion on how to meet the situation. Finally, on December 12, all ministers and lay delegates made a unanimous resolution to become self-supporting. Thankful for the sacrifice and love of our American friends who had helped us for so many years we expressed our full appreciation and asked that the money which they had budgeted for Japanese work be used for China. When this news reached America Mr. Olmstead, then general secretary of the Missionary Board, was deeply moved and happy, crying out, "This is a bright spot in the history of the Free Methodist Church." Now, coming to China and meeting these breth-

ren, and having face-to-face fellowship with them, even in the time of trouble between the two nations, our hearts were deeply touched.

While we stayed in Kaifeng we were asked to speak both morning and evening, and every night the young people, one after another, called to talk with us, so that it became very late before we could go to bed.

At noon on the 28th, at Mrs. Taylor's home, we met at the dinner table four lady missionaries of the Lutheran Church. We had a very good time with them. That afternoon we visited the Japanese army headquarters and met the chief officer. He was very kind to us, speaking of the present condition of Kaifeng and welcoming us to open up Japanese work in the city.

On the morning of the 29th a meeting was held in the city church, where about three hundred people gathered. This group especially, had known the sufferings of war. Some believers had lost kinsmen. Some had had their homes burned. Some had gone through unspeakable trials and disgrace. When I saw the pastor of the church I began to think of the weeping prophet, Jeremiah. Here my heart was full of sympathy as I delivered hearty greetings from the Christians in Japan, saying, "I was sent by the Japanese Christians, who are eagerly praying for you and who gave an offering of love. We hope for real peace in the Orient to be established, and it is for this that the Christians are praying."

While I was delivering the message souls were blessed and hearts were melted. When I had finished one poor Chinese woman came to the platform. She said, "I have had four brothers killed in the war, but I am sure they must be in heaven. My house was burned, and I was left alone. I am so thankful that the Japanese churches remember us in prayer and show such warm sympathy. You came so far, even into this part of China, risking the danger. My heart is full of thanks and so encouraged. No more will I hate the Japanese, but hereafter I will love them more than ever

before." Then the whole congregation, young and old, at one time burst into tears. Such crying and sobbing! It was a scene which can hardly be described. Those on the platform could not help crying. It was a glorious manifestation. What can make such fellowship between enemies but the "Victory of the Cross," breaking down the middle wall, bringing two into one body.

At the end of the meeting the pastor of the church, who had gone through such severe trials during the war looking after the many tried believers, stood up to thank us for our visit, saying, "I cannot find any suitable word of thanks or appreciation for the prayers and the offering sent by the Japanese Christians. Much as I would like to send some present to your home church I have nothing, but here are some words of God which you may take. They are from the Book of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and have never been so real to us as they are at this time—1 : 20; 2 : 11; 2 : 18, 19; and especially 3 : 48, 49, 51—"Mine eye runneth down with rivers of water for the destruction of the daughter of my people. Mine eye trickleth down and ceaseth not, without any intermission. . . . Mine eye affecteth mine heart because of all the daughters of my city." We can imagine his heart who is ministering to the Christians who have gone through such fiery trials.

Leaving this glorious meeting we found outside the mission compound the whole student body—boys and girls—anxiously waiting for us to have dinner with them. This was a big feast with many courses, one after another. I think there were more than twenty courses. At the dinner table, forgetting everything, we had very blessed fellowship in Christ. I said to Mrs. Taylor, "I am surprised at such a big dinner. I never dreamed of having such wonderful entertainment."

She answered, "This is probably the first time in this school that we have had such a feast. Usually they eat very poor food, and after this they will go back to their usual fare, but this was done to show their welcome to you." Truly we

were thankful for their deep, warm reception and this expression of their love.

I thought that there would be no meeting that night and was expecting to spend the night writing, but again I was asked to preach. There was a large congregation. Afterwards many students came and said to us, "Please stay a few days more, and please hold a revival for us." The next day, the 30th, I sent a telegram to the church in Japan, "Great victory and warmest reception at Kaifeng."

For that evening's meal we were invited to the home of the pastor of the city church. The district elder had been invited also. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." We had such warm fellowship there in that pastor's home. Through the interpretation of Miss Wood we talked, comforting and encouraging each other.

When we returned to the Taylor home for our last evening in Kaifeng the young people came one after another so that we could hardly go to bed. We stayed in the home of the grandson of the famous Hudson Taylor. His son, who was born in and gave his life for China, is now seventy years old and still living in the land of his choice. Now his son is living in Kaifeng as the head of the Free Methodist school work. We were very sorry that we could not see him, but his wife royally entertained us. She was very busy with home, business, work, and everything. I was impressed by the way she was educating the two smaller children at home even while she was so busy. She was carefully breathing the spirit of missions into such little children—a girl six years old and a boy four. They were very proud of their great-grandfather, whose picture hung on the wall. Three generations have sacrificed their lives for China, and now a fourth generation is coming up. I was impressed by their missionary spirit.

We were very thankful for Miss Wood, who so kindly labored for us as interpreter. I can sympathize with her, appreciating her efforts all the more because of my own

experience. Miss Pearl Reid also entertained us with her best. Whenever we went out from the mission compound to the city these ladies, riding on bicycles, guarded us. The people around them knew and had confidence in them. We were very thankful for what they did for us.

We had hoped to visit all the mission stations, but could only get to Kaifeng. The others could not be reached because of the dangerous war conditions. We were especially sorry that we could not see Mr. and Mrs. Ashcraft. During this whole trip we had longed to see them. I remembered the great Friday night at Los Angeles Pacific College church many years ago when I had preached a missionary sermon and twenty-five or thirty young people consecrated their lives to the service of the Lord. Among them were Professor Ashcraft, then an instructor in the college, and his wife, who was dean of women. He was in the battle zone so we could not see him.

The four days in Kaifeng were truly blessed days. Missionaries and believers showed us the warmest welcome. All the prayers and sacrifices of the believers in Japan were worth while, and when the duty of carrying the message was discharged my soul was blessed. God so wonderfully protected us from all dangers.

VII

Facing Homeward

AT daybreak of December 1 we left Kaifeng, the final goal of the journey for which many saints of Japan had prayed and sent money. We had had victory greater than we had expected, and at the time of our departure our hearts were full of thankfulness. 1 Samuel 7:12 came to mind, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Our hearts were pulled by attachment to the Chinese Christians. We left, hearing the voices of the Chinese students at prayer early in the morning. The missionaries saw us off at the station.

That day we reached Hsuchow once more, where we remained for one night. Early in the morning of December 2 we turned southward to Nanking. There was no ordinary train but only a military train which did not carry regular passengers. We received special permission to ride on it. There were only freight cars—no passenger cars. We mingled with the officers and soldiers, sitting on the baggage or lying on the floor. This taste of life on a military train was a new experience, but it gave us an opportunity to give a testimony to the soldiers.

Reaching Bampu that evening, we spent the night there. Here a long bridge, the second largest across the Yellow river, had been destroyed, so we had to cross by boat. There was only one Japanese hotel. While we were eating the maid came, asking us to move to another room, which we did. Later the mats were taken from this room by some of the visitors. After we had gone to bed the maid came and took some of our bedding off us for other guests.

Leaving Bampu early on December 3 we reached Nanking

that evening. It was already dark when we entered the city, and it was hard to find a hotel which was not occupied. We had only a poor Chinese carriage to carry us through the dark city, going along the streets where many houses had been destroyed. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but we couldn't help thinking of the battle which had been fought there the year before. Finally we reached the Nanking Hotel.

The next day, December 4, we spent the morning having worship together in our room, thanking God for having taken us through so far. That afternoon we visited Kinryo University. There we met two Chinese professors with whom we exchanged thoughts. When we expressed our purpose in coming their hearts were touched, and there also we had blessed fellowship and prayer. Their first attitude greatly changed, also, and we became warm friends.

Leaving Nanking on December 5 we reached Shanghai, where we stayed four nights. We visited the Japanese ministers, the Y. M. C. A. secretary, and the army headquarters. We exchanged views concerning Christian work in Central China. In the evening of the 8th we met some Japanese business men. Mr. Sasaki, who had entertained me ten years before when I had stopped in Shanghai on my way home from my trip to Palestine, invited me to a Chinese restaurant and introduced me to Mr. Loh, who is a printer of the Chinese Bible.

At the table I was especially impressed by the beautiful fellowship between Mr. Sasaki and Mr. Loh. Mr. Sasaki had lost his oldest son, twenty years of age last January, when he was killed by a Chinese. The body was found after two weeks. This broke the hearts of the father and mother. At such a trying time no one besides Christ could have comforted their aching hearts except Mr. Loh. He had lost his oldest son five years ago at the Shanghai uprising when he was killed by a Japanese soldier. He was then twenty-one years old. Mr. Loh, from his own experience, showed the warmest sympathy. They were enemies, but in spite of this,

because they were Christians, they were bound by the love of Christ and became very close friends. At the table how many times I dropped my chopsticks and marveled at the beautiful fellowship of these two men. Mr. Loh had been through severe times. His printing house had been troubled twice. Trial after trial had come, but still his face was shining and he was filled with the grace of God. There also I found very blessed fellowship between Japanese and Chinese. Enmity had been broken down by the Cross.

On the 9th I separated from Mr. Nishimura, who left the next day to go directly to Japan. We had been together about a month, receiving blessings and risking dangers. We had had such fine fellowship and a good trip together. I left Shanghai the next day, the 10th, and went to Shantung. Here I met a member of our Nippon Bashi Church, who is serving in the army, though not as a regular soldier. He came to the hotel and was so happy to see me that he stayed all night. At Tsinan I stayed one night again. The railroad was very dangerous, but God guarded.

On the 13th I returned again to Tientsin, where I stayed three days. There were meetings in Mr. Shida's home, and I visited again the N. H. A. One afternoon Mr. Miyoshi went around with me, especially visiting the factory districts. Along the river are many big factories. I thought this would be a good region for prospective evangelism and hoped God would help us to open a work in that district in the near future.

There was a short trip to Peking on the 15th, and then I left Tientsin to go to the ship. At daybreak of the 16th we sailed for Dairen. My five weeks of traveling in China were ended. When I left Tientsin my heart was attached to that country. I had never felt as warm toward China before.

On the afternoon of the 17th we reached Dairen. During that day and the next three meetings were held, which were gracious melting times. On the 19th I visited the old battle field of Port Arthur. That evening I left for Bujun, where the most famous coal mine of the Orient is located.

There also three meetings were held. On the 21st I came back to Mukden for a meeting where the missionary meeting had been held on the way to China. Here I gave a report of my trip, and all praised the Lord. This was the last meeting.

I took the 11 p. m. train for Fusan. At Keijo friends came to the station to see me. It was eleven o'clock at night when I reached Fusan. I was trying to get to the steamer when Mr. Ri, a Korean preacher, who had been watching for me, found and called to me. I was surprised to see him. He asked me to stay that night. I had been planning to take that boat and had already given my baggage to a red cap, but he pleaded with me to stay, saying that he needed advice and prayer, so I changed my program and recovered my baggage. He took me to his Korean home, where the whole family gave me a warm reception. We talked and prayed until after midnight as he opened his heart. He is a successful Presbyterian minister who has gone through hard trials. Here he disclosed his hardest of problems to a Japanese. We had very close fellowship. This was my first time to stay in a Korean home.

On the 23rd I left Fusan at about twelve o'clock, reaching Shimonoseki that evening at eight o'clock. From there I took the eleven o'clock night train, arriving at Osaka station at 9:25 on the morning of the 24th, to be received by many believers. Thus the trip had been blessed and protected. Physically, too, I had been cared for, so that I had not had even a cold.

VIII

Looking Ahead

AFTER making this trip I began to realize that the making of real peace in the Orient rests on the shoulders of the Christians. Without the Cross no enmity will be broken down. This had been realized in concrete ways. The Japanese believers' prayers and offerings had been rewarded thirty—sixty—yea, one hundred times over, and we have a responsibility toward China. The Japanese church has so far received from America and Europe, but now we have to give out, and there is a great task to be done in Manchuria and China. The fields are great, and when we look at ourselves we see how small the churches in Japan are for carrying out this work. Yet we are not discouraged, for God used Gideon, with his little band of three hundred soldiers, and He would rather use one Elijah than several hundred false prophets. God would rather use one hundred twenty disciples filled with the Holy Ghost, so we in Japan need a great revival and outpouring of the Holy Spirit. God has begun to work among us, and we must keep praying that the fire may keep burning.

In answer to prayer God has raised up a man. Rev. K. Oda who has received a call to labor among the Japanese and Chinese in China. Listening as he tells of this call no one in the church here can doubt its reality. Now the whole church is stirred by a missionary spirit. Though we are poor, struggling to support ourselves, the whole church is enthusiastically and earnestly preparing to send him. The entire Y. P. M. S. also is stirred by interest in this missionary work. A new program is before the church of Japan,

and that is a missionary enterprise to the whole Orient. We solicit your prayers. Our only interest is the salvation of the great multitudes without Christ. We cannot think of thousands of souls living without Christ while we enjoy His saving grace. Our Japan church is rapidly becoming missionary-conscious. "We've a story to tell to the nations." Will you help us spread the good news?